Give me the victory of this queſtion, which
Is true loves merit, and bleſſe me with a ſigne
Of thy great pleaſure.

Here Muſicke is heard, Doves are ſeene to flutter, they fall againe upon their faces, then on their knees.

Pal. O thou that from eleven, to ninetie raign'ſt
In mortall boſomes, whoſe chaſe is this world
And we in heards thy game; I give thee thankes
For this faire Token, which being layd unto
Mine innocent true heart, armes in aſſurance *They bow.*
My body to this buſineſſe: Let us riſe
And bow before the goddeſſe: Time comes on. *Exeunt.*
Still Muſicke of Records.

Enter Emilia *in white, her haire about her ſhoulders, a wheaten wreath: One in white holding up her traine, her haire ſtucke with flowers: One before her carrying a ſilver Hynde, in which is conveyd Incenſe and ſweet odours, which being ſet upon the Altar her maides ſtanding a loofe, ſhe ſets fire to it, then they curtſey and kneele.*

Emilia. O ſacred, ſhadowie, cold and conſtant Queene,
Abandoner of Revells, mute contemplative,
Sweet, ſolitary, white as chaſte, and pure
As windefand Snow, who to thy femall knights
Alow'ſt no more blood than will make a bluſh,
Which is their orders robe. I heere thy Prieſt
Am humbled fore thine Altar, O vouchſafe
With that thy rare greene eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, looke on thy virgin,
And ſacred ſilver Miſtris, lend thine eare
(Which ne'r heard ſcurrill terme, into whoſe port
Ne're entred wanton ſound,) to my petition
Seaſond with holy feare; This is my laſt
Of veſtall office, I am bride habited,
But mayden hatted, a husband I have pointed,
But doe not know him, out of two, I ſhould
Chooſe one, and pray for his ſucceſſe, but I
Am guiltleſſe of election of mine eyes,
Were I to looſe one, they are equall precious,

I could doombe neither, that which periſh'd ſhould
Goe too't unſentenc'd: Therefore moſt modeſt Queene,
He of the two Pretenders, that beſt loves me
And has the trueſt title in't, Let him
Take off my wheaten Gerland, or elſe grant
The fyle and qualitie I hold, I may
Continue in thy Band.

Here the Hynde vaniſhes under the Altar: and in the place aſcends a Roſe Tree, having one Roſe upon it.

See what our Generall of Ebbs and Flowes
Out from the bowells of her holy Altar
With ſacred act advances: But one Roſe,
If well inſpird, this Battaile ſhal confound
Both theſe brave Knights, and I a virgin flowre
Muſt grow alone unpluck'd.

Here is heard a ſodaine twang of Inſtruments, and the Roſe falls from the Tree.

The flowre is falne, the Tree deſcends: O Miſtris
Thou here diſchargeſt me, I ſhall be gather'd,
I thinke ſo, but I know not thine owne will;
Vnclaſpe thy Miſterie: I hope ſhe's pleas'd,
Her Signes were gratious.

They curtſey and Exeunt.

Scæna 2. *Enter Doctor, Iayler and Wooer, in habite of Palamon.*

Doct. Has this advice I told you, done any good upon her?

Wooer. O very much; The maids that kept her company
Have halfe perſwaded her that I am *Palamon*; within this
Halfe houre ſhe came ſmiling to me, and asked me what I
Would eate, and when I would kiſſe her: I told her
Preſently, and kiſt her twice.

Doct. Twas well done; twentie times had bin far better,
For there the cure lies mainely.

Wooer. Then ſhe told me
She would watch with me to night, for well ſhe knew
What houre my fit would take me.

Doct. Let her doe ſo,
And when your fit comes, fit her home,